

Pennywise-Intrusion by Tarbe4r

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Summary: What would happen if your darkest fears started to come to life, the point where you began to question your own existence even? Lets find out.

Pennywise-Intrusion

My skin was pricked with some unknown fear, a pulsing heat rising throughout my body into my head causing a throbbing headache that was making me feel faint and no matter how much water I drank it just wasn't enough. I had a thirst that could not be quenched; I drank so much I felt the sloshing in my stomach as I walked back to my room heavily sighing as I did for the bright light of the clock on the stove stated boldly, 2:30AM. Great, I had to be up in less than 4 hours and I had gotten maybe a few minutes of nodding on and off. It was maddening, I just wanted to sleep and I knew I'd need at least two energy drinks to even be productive for tomorrow's busy day at work. My boss was already on my ass about being lazy, though honestly I don't know what more he wants from me I'm not a magician to get more people in the door.

Walking back to my room I felt a slowness in my stride like something was there behind me watching me, the hairs on my neck standing on end and some sort of feeling crept on me and I definitely didn't want to look back so I quickly fast tracked back to my room, almost flinging myself into bed and grabbing my phone to shine the light on something that wasn't there as fast as I could manage. I laughed to myself feeling a little silly that I did this often knowing that nothing was there. My heart was still beating so fast though, I was still unable to shake the feeling of someone being inside my home and as much as I tried to convince myself there wasn't it just wasn't working. In mostly irritation I fell into my position to sleep, thrusting the covers over my body and closed my eyes for maybe a second before they flung open again, the silence was deafening. This was going to be a long night.

Before I knew it, I had fallen fast asleep for a couple of hours but as I woke again probably at the hour of 5AM one hour before I had to get up, I felt my head was throbbing so hard I could feel it in the back of my eyes, causing a twitch of some sort it made me so nauseous and weak I could barely manage to turn my body to try and get comfortable but I stopped dead in my tracks, barely breathing my heart felt like it was about to be ripped out of my chest. There was a figure in the corner of my room; the closet wide open why was it

open even though I know I had closed it just before I went to bed earlier that night.

I began to question myself wondering if I really had since I never leave it open and had been doing so since I was a kid. As I lie there wondering staring into the deep abyss of my closet where my possessions were in, trying to convince myself to get up and shut it before even trying to go back to sleep. Just as I was beginning to shift to trick myself to get up something stirred within and at this point I let out a noise I couldn't even comprehend myself, a shadowy figure coming out of it and by now I was doing everything to look at it telling myself that my lack of sleep was causing me to see things now. I couldn't move though, I had goosebumps rising over and over across my body to the point where they hurt.

The headache got worse and worse with each passing moment and I was for sure I would pass out or maybe even vomit, I really couldn't tell which was going to happen first. I saw this figure of what my mind probably was creating moving toward me in an odd way, as though I looked through a camera that was violently shaking. I had no time to even scream as it was upon me directly in my face and that was the only moment I had to think that this was either a horrible nightmare or a really cruel joke. Bile rose in my throat as a horrid smell filled my nostrils, a hot breath on my face and the sound of raspy breathing.

By now my heart was in my throat, I couldn't move or even think my limbs frozen and my eyes trying to adjust to whatever was standing before me at my bed. I heard the sound of a heavy inhale and my body jumped the silence cut through like ice, any sounds would have made anyone jump. I don't think I had blinked in this whole moment my eyes felt extremely dry, my throat wanted desperately for a liquid of any kind it felt like sandpaper trying to swallow any saliva I might have had left in my mouth. I couldn't help it though, I had no idea what on earth was going on.

"You smell like...delicious fear." A voice rang out, throaty and high pitched. My body was stiff as a board, I thought maybe if I don't move nothing will happen. Wrong.

The sound of jingling bells pierced my ears, everything sounded

exceptionally loud and I still told myself this isn't real over and over again. There was movement coming toward me and I just felt myself crawl backward but obviously not fast enough, this thing grabbed my ankle pulling me toward whatever it was. I only screamed out and all I heard was a deep guttural laugh, he was enjoying this sick bastard. At this point, I was face to face with a monster of some kind though I could barely make out any features since it was so dark. My hands searched out for anything and everything to throw, hit or something...There. There it was my phone, yes. The first thing I did was shine the light at it and I wish I hadn't.

Pasty white makeup covered his entire face; some areas covered in red his mouth drooling an oddly large amount of saliva. He looked like a dog that hadn't eaten in months, ready to have the best meal of its life. His mouth in a wide grin oozing a hot breath and strange noises coming from his throat, his eyes matched the hunger frenzy. They glowed a bright yellow, demonic and empty my heart skipped a beat and must have felt it in some strange way for he began to crawl at me on all fours and I could do was hold my phone there watching him, slowly backing away. I had never felt so petrified in my life before, what was going to happen to me I wondered.

There was nowhere else to go I was at the headboard of my bed, I felt his hands place themselves by my sides the best sinking as he came near his knees digging themselves between my legs. I cringed as his face came very close to mine once again feeling his breath against me all I could do is whimper pathetically. Though I heard some noises come from him as though he were mocking me and it made mad to be honestly and I took the moment to of anger to wrap my legs around this things waist and spin him over to where I was now on top of him my hand on his chest pinning him down with what strength I had left.

I felt my brow cock in a moment of victory, his obvious show of surprise in the moment only to be rewarded with a childish laugh.

"Hi! I'm pennywise, the dancing clown! Don't hurt me please I only wanted to have a little fun!"

The voice that came out this time was different, it was light and friendly. He spoke as though he was something trapped in a child's

body. My phone was facing upward so the light lit some parts of the room, his eyes were not as evil as they were before, and in fact they were blue and not golden like before. Innocent facial features and a goofy smile was spread across his face, trembling in his words as though it was he who was scared now. I felt triumphant and that was probably my next mistake.

I let my body relax slightly, I was already so tired and weak the headache from earlier gone but it left me with barely any energy, keeping myself in this upright position was hard enough as it was. My eyes closed for a second only to snap open as a shuffling sound came out and this time I had no time to scream, a hand extended out grasping my throat so tightly I could barely manage to swallow. I was so startled by the moment and angry at myself for letting my guard down to an intruder, damnit.

Pennywise sat up with ease, his hand clenching my throat even harder jerking me toward him to where his mouth was by ear the hot breath radiating against me, giving me chills but not from fear and he merely laughed, only his shoulders and mouth moved when he did.

"You thought you'd tricked me?" He giggled. "Pennywise the dancing clown who knows all the tricks? And I thought I was supposed to be the funny one!"

The voice turned low and menacing on the last few words he spoke rather than child-like and soft, it came from the deepest part of his throat talking must have been quite the feat. I heard him suck in his breath next to my jugular; I had no time to think all I remember is letting out a scream until my voice was hoarse.

"You bit me! That hurt you asshole!" He bit me. He bit me?

I felt something trickling down my neck, and saw something hanging out of his mouth. A piece of my flesh dangled there and blood was pouring out of me, fucking seriously? He chewed slowly, tearing the small piece off with his hands which I only realized now that he was in a full costume ragged, old and looked like it hadn't been washed since the first time he got it. The piece of flesh he tore off he put it to my mouth, I was surely going to vomit now.

"Here. Take it." He motioned for more of a demand rather than a request and I would surely throw up, the idea of eating my own flesh was mortifying on its own. Instead, I turned my head away clenching my jaw so tight that even if he forced into my mouth he would have a hard time doing so. In the corner of my eye, I saw his face twist and turn into something quite inhuman his head turning from side to side so fast it was a blur, I couldn't make out what was happening and any emotions of anger were completely gone. I wanted to sink into a hole and honestly never come out again as long I never had to see this fucking clown again.

"You don't want it?" He said as though he were disappointed.

"B-but it's yours. It- it's a part of you, don't you want it back?"

That voice again, as though there were a child inside of him trying to come out but the innocent act was a joke, I knew that now and I saw right through it only after it was too late.

"No I don't fucking want it, you're sick!"

I yelled with all my might, not exactly sure what I was trying to accomplish or what would happen but he didn't seem phased by little ol me in any way. In fact he was just finishing his meal, sucking his finger of any remains of blood and I watched him quietly for something stirred inside of me and he must have felt it for he stopped doing whatever he was doing and stared directly at me, his face in front of mine sniffing me like some hound but said nothing. Leaning toward my neck with movements that I can't describe, he began to lick my neck lapping up my blood. It felt sickening, but my body would rather betray me in feeling like it wanted it and I could only gasp at the feeling.

He noticed and reared back so fast all I felt was an intense sting on my face, he slapped me. Before I had time to wonder or think what the hell was that even for, I was being dragged by hair and slammed into the floor. My face hit with a thud, it wasn't pleasant and I sure as hell didn't appreciate whatever this fuck he was doing. My hair felt like it would be ripped out of my scalp as hard as he pulled it back to life to my head up, only for a finger to be shoved down my throat. I forgot to close my mouth and there was something I was chewing, it

was my own flesh.

"It's yours after all, take it."

I would definitely vomit if I swallowed this, I already felt chunks in my throat, don't make me do this. He prodded some more, forcing me to swallow it and there was a chuckle that rang out as I coughed and hacked so hard trying to make it come back up. The taste of metal in my mouth, my own skin that I just ingested I want to die.

"See! That wasn't so hard, was it?" Mockingly he said to me.

"You didn't even taste bad! I've had much worse!" As though that was supposed to make me feel better about what just happened.

I felt something fall on my face, warm and slimy. It was thick also when I went to wipe it away, I was sick already by realizing this was his drool falling onto me I could only look up to see him there above me a sick smile plastered across his face, please let this nightmare end. It wouldn't of course, not my luck.

I saw him raise his hands, claws tearing through the gloves swinging down onto my back scratching me only it felt like knives had just sliced me open; cut me in half. I couldn't even scream the pain was something I had never felt before, silent tears rolled down my face for a moment before I felt hands grabbing my waist and pulling me even farther back toward this demon. Why the feeling of pleasure rose in me, I had no idea. Perhaps it was my body trying to take my mind off the excruciating agony all the while all I was trying to do was just breathe. I was on my back again to see him grinning, rubbing his finger covered in blood over his mouth, cleaning up the mess he'd just made.

"What is that smell you have coming from you?" He asked me as if I had, had any idea; I was barely in my own right of mind.

"It's not only fear," Inhaling deeply he said "Something that I haven't smelled in long time."

Pennywise was straddled over me, his hands dangling effortlessly on my stomach moving in a slight back and forth motion. With my back

and complete exhaustion I just gave up on fighting anymore, I didn't try to stop him from touching me, in fact it was the probably the most comforting thing in this moment. My eyes could barely stay open, rolling constantly into the back of my head fighting to stay conscious. I woke with a start; he slapped my face so hard I swear I felt a tooth come loose. His face was scrunched up in anger, as if I were annoying him by not staying awake to satisfy him in his sadistic game.

There was a tear that I heard but I really didn't comprehend what exactly it was or where it was coming from. I only realized what it was after I felt my legs being propped up to my chest, a strange feeling against me. I became very suddenly awake as I realize it was my bottoms he had torn off of me, please no I was begging to myself. I couldn't form the words fast enough to tell him stop, there was already something inside of me and as I tried to claw at him desperately trying to get him out of me, he slammed my hands against my chest in one swift motion, holding them there between my legs with one hand against my chest. It hurt the placement odd and digging into my sternum.

All I could feel is a pounding inside of me, there was no pace of any sort of compassion I couldn't even help the sounds that came out of me my body betrayed me and I hated it. It felt good, I couldn't deny that but it wasn't right and as much as I resisted it wasn't enough. His hand placed themselves on my legs pulling them over his shoulders, his hand promptly around my throat digging so hard into me I felt as though my esophagus would burst. The other hand grasped my waist hard and animalistic, pulling me into his body even more than it was before. His hand slid upward toward my mouth covering it as well as my nose, I couldn't breathe and I coughed with what air I had left my head being smothered into the hard floor, I might faint.

I felt his hand grab my face, my cheeks felt like they had something go through them and I screamed through his hand all the while he smiled his bright eyes staring right into mine, staring through my soul and anything that I felt as though were hidden, was no longer a secret from him. I heard a hiss pour out of his mouth and a hot tongue sliding over my face and into open wounds he had created. Admiring his work he paused everything he was doing, staring at me

for a moment in what I really can only describe as an insatiable hunger and he would not stop until he was at least slightly satisfied. The look scared me more than anything, let me forget about my pain for only a moment before he continued fucking the shit out of me again.

Whenever I moaned, I screamed as well the wounds opened and profusely bleeding, I was trying extremely hard to keep my mouth shut as best as I could without clenching too hard because that hurt as well. It was a lose-lose situation for me and here I thought I was in hell before, but boy was I wrong. My hair was grasped from the back of my head being pulled upward to only slam me into the ground on my stomach and I managed to barely muffle a scream. I felt heat on my back, sliding up and down all over it gave me chills that weren't pleasant at all and not something I would like to feel again ever.

My ass was picked up, the claws yet again digging into my sides I felt my face being forced down and rammed into me with no mercy or warning at all. The strides were different, they were constant and rapid, I almost couldn't take it I just wanted it to end, let me wake up and go back to the life that I thought was hard before. I tried to push back on pennywise, anything to get him off me but he made a noise in frustration grabbing my arms holding them in a position where I was unable to move at all, his pace picking up while my arms were pulled back farther than they were meant to go, or at least felt as though they were about to be pulled out of their socket. After a moment, he pushed my body down completely, flat on the floor and I really had no idea much more of this abuse I could take it's not exactly something I enjoyed.

There was a moment of still and deafening quiet I lay there for a moment only to nearly jump out of my skin as my alarm started to go off and there was no feeling of anyone in my house any longer, but I couldn't move and I just lay there trying to breathe and get a hold of myself. Trying to figure out what just happened and if it was actually real or will I look in the mirror in a moment to see the damage that had been done to my body. Closing my eyes, I finally felt like I was going to be able to get some sleep finally and I would let myself for I think I will call into work today, I don't think they will mind...